



Ursinus College  
**Digital Commons @ Ursinus College**

---

Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898

The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville,  
Perkiomen Valley

---

10-2-1884

# Providence Independent, V. 10, Thursday, October 2, 1884, [Whole Number: 485]

Providence Independent

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/providence>

 Part of the [American Politics Commons](#), [Cultural History Commons](#), [Social History Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

**Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.**

---

## Recommended Citation

Independent, Providence, "Providence Independent, V. 10, Thursday, October 2, 1884, [Whole Number: 485]" (1884). *Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898*. 261.  
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/providence/261>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville, Perkiomen Valley at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact [aprock@ursinus.edu](mailto:aprock@ursinus.edu).





## THANKS TO THE FOG.

"Come over to England to settle down, old man?" inquired Val. Forrester, as he lit another cigarette, and lounged back in his comfortable arm chair and looked contemplatively up at the ceiling.

A conscious smile hovered round the yellow tips of Captain Vivan's moustache. "Well I don't know," he said slowly. "Mean to take a look round, and see what is going on."

"Whatever you do, eschew good looks. Pleasant enough, I'll allow, if you could keep them for your own consumption; but an intolerable nuisance, as you can't blind your friends."

"Hump! A plain face opposite to you day after day would be deemed unpleasant."

"Yes, but a beauty is the devil. Poor Cornwall never got over it, when his wife had once become the fashion. She took all the individuality out of him, and, as Mrs. Cornwall's husband, he provided the carpet for other men to tread on. Have you got anyone in your eye?"

Vivan blushed like a girl. "—I—I don't know just yet. It's five years since I saw her."

"Time for a woman to be married over and over again; or, worse than that she might have had the small-pox or lost an eye. What's her name, and where does she hang out?"

The other leaned forward and lowered his voice. "Mind—strict confidence—Mabel Lorraine."

"By jove!" and Val Forrester sat bolt upright, an expression of dismay passing over his pleasant face.

"What are you looking like that for? You are not hard hit. It's not a case of I'll have her or die?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort," the whiteness of his cheeks belying his words. "I was at her wedding last month."

Frank Vivan had stopped to pick up the cigar he had dropped. "Her name." His voice was calm but hoarse.

"Lady Waverly. Her husband's, Sir Guy. He ran a horse for the Derby, but it fell dead lame before it reached the corner. Have a B. and S." as Vivan rose in a hurry.

"Thanks. Can't stop. Forgotten an appointment. Ta, ta. With his hat drawn over his eyes, he hurried down the steps of the Army and Navy, up St. James' street in Piccadilly, not caring in the least where he went, only anxious to get away from the continual greetings of his friends.

Knowing that romance was a thing to be sneered at, that true love was a butt for chaff and contempt, he had buried his dream in the depths of his heart, and flirted with the Calcutta belles as gayly as the rest of his brother officers.

Now it was all over—the dream as well as the hope of realization. He had thought that even in this prosaic age he had found one verse of poetry; but the page was blank, and the verse if ever written by any other pen than his own conceit, had been most carefully erased. Unless to pull a wry face for other men to laugh at; better to grin and bear it, telling himself that matrimony was ever a lottery and the greatest prizes had a back of turning out far worse than blanks.

It was the first night of the pearl of opera-singers after a lengthy absence, and Convent Garden was crammed from the stalls to the ceiling. The second act was over, and Vivan stood up in the third row of stalls to let his glasses wander round the house on a voyage of discovery. A friend tapped him on the shoulder. "Look at Waverly. He doesn't look much amiss, although he's just passed through that grave of the affections, a honeymoon. His wife's a stunner, and not a bit stand-offish, so they say. Couldn't see her on her wedding day; her veil had such a beastly pattern; but to-night, by George she repays you!" A pause. "She's smiling at one of us," excitedly. "You don't know her, so it must be me. Let us go up. I'll introduce you."

A bitter smile hovered around Vivan's mouth, but he said nothing. She chose to smile at him with the prettiest lips in the world, with just the same blush as when they parted so miserably under the trees, but his face was grave and impassive. Looking over his shoulder, before he disappeared through the doorway, he saw that an old man with gray hair had taken Sir Guy's place in the front of the box. With Dorington on one side, this

stranger on the other, there would be no opportunity for private conversation; but he felt it was worth the journey from India only to stand within sound of her voice, within reach of the glance of her eye—worth a large sum in pounds, shillings and pence, although to hear her was torture, to see her, madness. Love must be very bad for us when it turns the wisest among us into fools.

On their way they met the baronet himself, slipping into his overcoat as he came toward them.

"How do, Dorington—pretty fit?"

"As fit as yourself. I was just going to pay my respects to Lady Waverly. My friend, Captain Vivan" (Sir Guy raised his hat), is dying to be introduced."

"So sorry you can't see her; but she's laid up with headache. Come and have a smoke."

With blank faces they turned round thinking a cigarette a poor consolation for their disappointment.

"The fellow can't be jealous of me already," ruminated Frank, "unless she told him what she is sure to make a point of forgetting. I thought she seemed to want me; but women are queer creatures—prone to beckon one minute, and turn the cold shoulder if you venture to come. I won't have anything to do with them; I'll be hanged if I bother myself about them again," he added energetically, as he threw the end of his cigar on the steps.

Nevertheless he was conscious of every movement in the Waverlys' box, and his indignation rose sky high as he saw man after man admitted during the course of the evening. Patti sang her sweetest, but he scarcely heard her.

A pretty girl, a great ally of his before he started for India, looked over her shoulder with a smile which would have induced any other man to take up only too gladly the broken thread of a past flirtation, but he remained as unresponsive as a block of stone.

On leaving the theatre he refused all invitations to enticing little suppers, such as used to have a special charm for him when he was in the vein for amusement, and early the next morning started for his home in Cornwall in a pronounced fit of the sulks.

"So Captain Vivan, the faithful and fascinating Lancer, has returned to the field of his former conquests, and poor Charlie's last chance has gone," said Lady Waverly, looking up at her cousin's serious face, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Captain Vivan, to judge from the way his coat sets, is faithful to his tailor, but there his fidelity ends. Poor Mary Armstrong, who sat just in front of him nearly dislocated her stumpy little neck in her efforts to look at him and he didn't know she was there."

"Flattering to you my dear, at any rate."

"I don't see why," drawing up her own neck, which was anything but stumpy. "I was too much occupied by the dear old general to notice him."

"Then perhaps he was not so cruel to Mary as you fancied?" a small smile hovering round her pretty lips.

"He bowed to her once, but that was all."

"How could you tell if you didn't look at him?"

"I couldn't help looking at him to a certain extent, when he was just under my nose."

"It must have been a disagreeable necessity."

"It was. I used to think he wasn't bad-looking. Last night he looked hideous."

"But you are short-sighted, and he kept at a distance."

"I am thankful he did—old friends are such a bore," her cheeks, which were as soft as velvet, coloring like a Jaquemint rose.

"Then I won't ask him to dinner."

"Pray do, if you feel inclined."

"Not if you don't wish it."

"Oh, I can talk to somebody else."

"I suppose I must wait until I have made his acquaintance."

"That can be easily managed. Charlie as you call him would introduce him."

"Rather hard on Charlie asking a man to sign his own death warrant."

"Major Wentworth wouldn't care if he had to."

"My dear is he so far gone as that?"

"I mean that he would regard it as waste paper, and live contentedly ever afterward."

"You'll have to decide between the two before long."

"I have decided—long ago."

"And which is it to be?" lifting her head in sudden eagerness.

"Neither," and she hurried out of the room, saying that she must go and put on her habit.

In spite of her protestations, Mabel Lorraine kept her lovely eyes wide open in case an old friend might be inclined to make himself a nuisance—and found the Row empty, because he wasn't there.

The season was over, and one of its undoubted belles had been through the whole campaign, and reached the end desired by many—and given to none.

She shrugged her shoulders in answer to Lady Waverly's expostulations. "Even in the marriage vow you have to own you take a man 'for better or worse' and with the 'worse' alternative before my eyes I cannot turn my back on single blessedness. Let me be, my silly old May; I might be happy as an old maid, but miserable with an unsatisfactory husband."

"I wish that tiresome Captain Vivan had kept out of the way."

"Just what he has done." An involuntary escaped her. "Six months in England, and we have never met! I wanted to see him to ask after the Rowlandsons."

"Why didn't you write him a note, and tell him so?"

"Ask him to come from Cornwall, or down from Scotland, to tell me if Mrs. Rowlandson's last baby had cut its teeth!"

"At least it would have broken the ice."

"If there is any ice, I should be the last woman on earth to break it. You ought to know that by this time."

"Don't freeze me, in order that I mayn't forget it," laughing softly. "Put on your prettiest gown to-night."

"Why?" covert eagerness in her tawny eyes.

"Because Guy doesn't care to go out with dowdy women."

"Pshaw! I really thought—" she paused, her level brows drawn together as she felt an inconvenient blush in the act of convicting her.

"That Captain Vivan would be there with a mischievous smile."

"It would make no difference to me if he were," with great decision.

"Of course not; so I shouldn't have thought of mentioning it."

In order to please Sir Guy, Mabel Lorraine seemed to have taken immense care with her toilette that evening; and when she entered Mrs. Forrester's crowded rooms more than one pair of eyes followed her movements with fervent admiration.

Her eager glance had told her that her old friend was there, and her heart beat tumultuously, when for the first time after many years, she found her hand in his. In her struggle for outward composure she fell into the extreme of apparent coldness. Her long lashes dropped nervously on the velvet of her cheeks, and her lips parted in a chilly smile. Unable to judge by anything but outward sight, Vivan drew back, disgusted and disappointed.

"Let me introduce you to my cousin," she said hurriedly, and before she had mentioned her name Mrs. Forrester bustled up, and asked her to take a place in the second row, which Major Wentworth had been keeping for her all the evening. Wishing the amateur theatricals at the bottom of the sea, Mabel obediently followed her hostess, and found herself, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner, with the faithful Charlie by her side, and bent on making all the running now that he had distanced his rivals by the craftiness of his manoeuvres.

Frank Vivan, savage as the typical bear with a wound in his ear, dropped down into the seat beside Lady Waverly, determined to show his faithless love that, although she had chosen to go off with another, he was by no means "left lamenting." When she smiled on him he fled to the Land's End; now that she didn't smile on him, with the true perversity of man, he felt aggrieved, and resolved to call in Chesterfield Gardens on the first opportunity.

With no less than three objects in view—to stab Mabel to the heart, to ally Sir Guy's fancied jealousy, to gain an invitation to the baronet's house—he entered into a desperate flirtation with the pretty girl who was, as he supposed, Lady Waverly's cousin.

He was so good to look at, that she could not help raising her eyes to his face with a bewitching smile. He was Mabel's particular friend, so of course it was only kind of her to be civil. She wanted to get him on her visiting list,

for Mabel's sake, so it would not do to begin with a snub. All these reasons combined to make Lady Waverly as charming as possible.

An ardent but harmless coquette, she was accustomed to flattery as the natural sauce to conversation, but Captain Vivan, with the fair frank face that seemed to mean no harm, went further than any other man on so brief an acquaintance, except Sir Guy, and he had meant to carry off the prize from the beginning.

A thrill of pleasurable excitement darted through her heart as she listened to his musical voice gradually sinking till little above a whisper; as she looked into the earnest eyes which seemed to express in their fervent glance all that the audacious tongue left unsaid; as she felt that she was flirting, but only for Mabel's sake!

"You have never been to Chesterfield Gardens to see your old friends!" and she threw a laughing glance toward that ill-used maiden, who knew very well what was passing behind her back.

"An old friendship after the interval of years is apt to grow musty. I prefer going in for the new."

"Very rude to my cousin," with a shrug of her white shoulders.

"Is not the fault yours if you make any other answer impossible?"

"Mabel is the dearest woman under the sun," she replied, with sudden irrelevancy.

"I agree with you," was the quiet answer; "a capricious woman is dear at any price."

"You do her gross injustice. If you don't believe me, ask Sir Guy."

A look of amusement shone from his eyes. "Hardly; you are told not to trust your dearest friend about a horse."

"How does that apply? raising her eyebrows."

"Perfectly. A man is bound to tell any amount of lies about his wife. They are moving toward the supper-room—before any one else claims you, let me," standing up and offering his arm in the most *empress* manner, because Mabel's eyes chanced to be turned in his direction.

Right under Sir Guy's nose he led his wife out of the room, bending over her and asking for a flower from her bouquet before they were quite out of sight. His last chance of being asked to Chesterfield Gardens was ruined before he reached the bottom of the staircase, even while he was priding himself on his diplomacy and attempting to throw his handful of foolish dust into the baronet's eyes.

I thought of asking Captain Vivan to dine with us on Friday," said Lady Waverly, sweetly, toward the end of the evening. "I want to be civil to him for Mabel's sake."

"Mabel be hanged!" growled Sir Guy, in a pet. "If he puts his foot inside my doorway, by gad! I'll stop at home to kick him out."

After this the subject was dropped.

The two lovers were as hopelessly separated by an unfortunate mistake as the palm tree and the pine of Heine's verse. Finding that his presence was not desired in Chesterfield Gardens, Vivan made up his mind to leave London. Although he had been foolish enough to angle for an invitation, in his calmer movements he was forced to acknowledge that it was better refused than given. The mere sight of Mabel's loveliness was enough to incite him to any madness, and one word of kindness might have tempted him to try if the fire in his own breast could not have melted the icy barrier between them. And then the end must have been sorrow, and might have been dishonor.

Before starting for Paris it was necessary for him to pay a visit to the family solicitor, Mr. Predergast, in Lincoln's Inn. Val Forrester, who happened to be with him at the club, when he announced his intention, with a dreary yawn, said: "Take the brougham. I only came out in it to-day because of this horrid fog, and it will be a charity to give the horse some exercise, instead of keeping it at the door."

Seeing the wisdom of this suggestion, Frank accepted, and, feeling rather like an eminent physician on his way to a patient, was driven at a cautious pace to Lincoln's Inn. By a curious coincidence, Sir Guy Waverly happened to have paid a visit this very afternoon to his own lawyer, who lived in the same house, though on a different floor, as Mr. Predergast. His wife had agreed to come and call for him, but when she saw a nasty pea-soup fog obscuring the view of her neighbor's

window her courage failed her, and she willingly consented to let Mabel go instead.

The fog was denser than ever as she sat patiently in the carriage at the door of No. 33; but she was in no hurry. Every object in life seemed to be taken from her, and there was no use in hurrying when there was nothing to be lost by delay. A letter from Charlie Wentworth was in her pocket. The poor fellow pleaded his suit in an honest, manly manner; but his words brought no flutter to her heart, no tears to her eyes. Lost in thought, she did not look up, as somebody came rapidly down the steps, jumped into the brougham, and shut the door after him. As he dropped on to the seat, he almost bounded out of it, in his dismay.

"Ten thousand pardons! Mabel! O God! it's not my fault! What are you crying for?" He caught hold of her hands and held them tight. "You don't care—you can't care"—his chest heaved, his eyes fastened upon her, as if he would devour her. "You hate me; you hate me, you know you do, or you never would have married!"

"Married! What do you mean?" her heart beating fast, her cheeks as white as death.

"Of course, I mean Sir Guy."

"My cousin's husband! What has that to do with me?"

"Your cousin's! For God's sake don't trifle with me. He married you, Mabel Lorraine; they told me so at once."

"He married Mary Annabella Lorraine, who sometimes goes by that name. But you know her," drawing back. "You are laughing at me."

"What a fool I have been!" as the scales dropped from his eyes. "I thought you were Lady Waverly all the while. Oh, my darling!" as he caught her in his arms and pressed a shower of kisses on her lips, "it seems almost too good to be true."

The coachman meanwhile, imagining his master was in the carriage, pursued his way westward till he drew up at the door of No., Chesterfield Gardens.

"Very glad to see you, Captain Vivan," said Lady Waverly, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "But where is Sir Guy?" The two lovers looked at each other in dismay. They had quite forgotten him.—*The Whitehall Review.*

Swamp Hollow Sept. 25, 1884.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—Well, accept the fact at first sight or not, old Jim is still in the land and amongst the living. I often feel like contributing a little something in an humble kind of a way for your paper, but somehow or another when it comes down to close quarters my energy forsakes me and I conclude: "What's the difference?" Then I am on the sunset side of human existence and I feel like leaving the old world wag as it will without allowing myself to become too much interested.

I was out at the corner the other day and I overheard a heated political dispute between a democrat and a republican, and the way those fellows ranted would lead one to suppose that some great calamity was at hand and that active and vigorous measures were needed to prevent coming disaster and ruin. The republican emitted a volume of denunciation against Cleveland, and undertook to prove that he was not fit to be a dog-catcher much less a President of these great United States, that his record was one of shame and calculated to degrade the moral sense of the masses, and so on. The democrat in turn condemned Blaine from the starting point, denounced him as a selfish trickster whose sole effort in public life was to popularize himself by superficial and attractive spoutings on various public questions, while behind the curtain he was laying successful plans to enrich himself, and that his success as a Presidential candidate now would jeopardize the peace, prosperity and tranquility of the nation. Mixed up with the animated conversation, a good deal was said about secret marriages, widows, bastard sons, the everlasting rights of the working men, protection to American labor and American labor that isn't protected by protection worth a cent, and something about the poor getting poorer, and the rich richer and a good deal more not necessary to repeat. It's rough isn't it? Two of the worst men in the country running for the Presidency and worse still one of them will be elected!

What a catastrophe is in store for the people of this great country. Those who pray should begin to pray at once for deliverance and then of course vote for their man for President, even down to Butler or up to Mrs. Lockwood. Perhaps all this political excitement is necessary. You can't always tell what is best for fifty millions of people at the first guess. If free institutions are to exist we must have opposite political parties, and so long as the successful party feasts on the loaves and fishes it is not much wonder that the party out in the cold with empty purses and empty stomachs kick for their rights, the warmth of indoors and riotous living. And it is perfectly natural for those who carry passes that will admit them to the public crib to fight for just another feast of four years or for a continuance of the influence that butters their bread without demanding much in return. But the extreme picture of American politics is disgusting to people who believe that political rights and prerogatives can be exercised without making such an outrageous fuss about it. Most anybody can talk politics after some fashion or another, but it takes a copper lined, fire-proof, contracted partisan bigot for a genuine political ass. If he has just brains enough to realize that he is either a democrat or a republican, that will do. The balance he acquires by drilling himself not to believe a word uttered by a fellow citizen of a different political faith and by gulping down, all he hears about his party, about his candidates and possibly about his chances for a smack at a political feast. Outside of his stomach he is a partisan all over, tap him anywhere and you will get partisan froth and blood mixed. What's to be done about it? If it's a bone of comfort to the partisan let him alone in his glory, but for all that's good and commendable don't waste your breath trying to tell him the truth about politics. He's your old reliability for the office seekers of both parties, and you bet they know it. But the Independent voter finally decides political questions these days.

Swamp Hollow needs rain, and if we wait long enough we'll get it.

Neighbor Jones is still driving a brisk trade in the dog business.

Widow Scraggs' name has been wiped from the matrimonial slate, and Jack Briggs feels wretchedly bad.

I don't mind raising cantaloupes for myself and nearest neighbors but there is too confounded much scope contained in half a township.

And if I feel like scribbling some more you will hear from me again before this country goes to destruction and before the remains of a great nation are absorbed by the sun moon and stars.

JIM SNOOKS.

Funeral Usages.

It may seem to be an ungracious task to criticize funeral ceremonies, but as at present conducted there is a barbaric element in them which contrasts strangely with the other customs of this enlightened age. Some of the objections which I wish to offer may be personal to myself, but others I am sure I share with most of my brethren.

My personal objection is to the fearful amount of gloomy black which is—may I say so?—displayed. When the minister arrives at the house of mourning, his heart brimful of that hopefulness which underlies all sighing and sorrowing, he is ushered into a chamber where the dear ones are sitting veiled in distressing crape, as though the grave never gave up its dead, and as though, beneath our professed belief in a better world, there were concealed a firm conviction that our religion is a mere profession, and that in the presence of death we have discovered, with bleeding hearts, that the end of all things has come. I am at times inclined to think that the real reason why these doleful weeds are worn is that the world only half believes in time of woe what it thinks it believes in time of joy. I have a suspicion that a bit of paganism is under it, and almost think that, if men were as sure of the other world as they are of this, they would make a change in this respect. I am very certain, at any rate, that there is no hour in all of our human experience when men and women seem so glad to hear a minister talk as though he knew that he knew something about to-morrow. The most affirmative expressions on this subject are the most welcome ones.

Glittering generalities are the equivalent of despair; positive assertion has a magic charm all its own. No good man ever yet died who was not better off after death than before. If we believe this, we ought not to be sorry for him, but only for ourselves. To put on mourning because a soul has gone to glory, and is more sweetly cared for than by our most devoted love, seems strangely incongruous. To put on mourning because his heavenly gain is our earthly loss, and because forgetting his gain we can remember only our own loss, is to give public expression to our selfishness.

Then, alas, the funeral is not a private but a public occasion. There is a coloring of wordly pomp in it. Anybody and everybody may intrude on the sanctity of bereavement, and witness with curious or sympathetic eye, as the case may be, the exhibition of domestic sorrow. If there is one exclusive spot on earth, it is the chamber of death; if there is any moment when one has the right to be alone, it is when he is looking into the face of his dead. You and God are enough at such a time. How much better it would be to appoint a season when the friends and acquaintances of the departed may take their last look and say their silent farewells; to set apart, for example, the afternoon before the burial for this purpose, and to make the services with the family strictly, inexorably private. One cannot help shrinking from a public display of his torn and sorrowing soul when he is bending over the body of his loved and lost. It is cruelty to compel him to let the world into his privacy in that hour. That a mere casual acquaintance, who has hurriedly left his business or his pleasure to be present, because it is the proper thing to do; that comparative or perhaps perfect strangers should feel at liberty to come into your privacy, and witness scenes of your life—is so terribly repugnant to me.

The people have, to a certain but not very extensively, permitted grown into my view of the matter, and latterly it has been the custom—I was almost tempted to use the hateful words, the fashion—for the immediate relatives to retire to an upper room during the services. Like all half reforms, this change is, in some respects, worse than the evil of which I complain. The bereaved family actually surrender the body of the loved one to the keeping and gaze of the more or less indifferent, whereas it would seem to be more natural and proper to gather about the white remains themselves, to the rigid exclusion of all intruders. They shrink from permitting their neighbors to count their tears, and their retirement to an upper chamber while the burial service is being read is a feeble protest against making a display of a bleeding heart. What we need, however, is not a feeble protest, but an iron-handed reformation.

Under existing circumstances, the minister's position is one of peculiar embarrassment. It is not simply deplorable, it is pitiful. He cannot take his place in the midst of the mourning ones, where alone he belongs, and address himself wholly to them, nor can he take his place in the drawing-room where acquaintances and strangers are gathered, and address himself wholly to them. A compromise is effected, and he is requested to stand somewhere on the stairs, midway between the little group above and the great crowd below, with a blank wall in front of him which seems to grow whiter every minute, as though in amazement at the eccentricity of the proceeding, and with no one in sight except the conventionally and commercially grave sexton and his assistants. A minister mounted on a ladder and talking to an invisible congregation is a picture not merely ridiculous, but also shocking to anything less than nerves of iron. To make matters worse, though that were quite unnecessary, he finds it impossible to speak in that subdued tone which is so natural when the heart is in trouble, and must needs borrow the town crier's voice with which to make the whisperings of the consoling Gospel heard. For myself, I always feel at such times like saying to the crowd, "Good friends and neighbors, go home. Let us have perfect quiet here, and no curiosity. In this house, today, there is only room for God, the bereaved ones, and the bearer of Christ's message."—Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth, D.D., in the *Congregationalist*.

POINTS.

Swamp Hollow needs rain, and if we wait long enough we'll get it.

Neighbor Jones is still driving a brisk trade in the dog business.

Widow Scraggs' name has been wiped from the matrimonial slate, and Jack Briggs feels wretchedly bad.

I don't mind raising cantaloupes for myself and nearest neighbors but there is too confounded much scope contained in half a township.

And if I feel like scribbling some more you will hear from me again before this country goes to destruction and before the remains of a great nation are absorbed by the sun moon and stars.

JIM SNOOKS.

Funeral Usages.

It may seem to be an ungracious task to criticize funeral ceremonies, but as at present conducted there is a barbaric element in them which contrasts strangely with the other customs of this enlightened age. Some of the objections which I wish to offer may be personal to myself, but others I am sure I share with most of my brethren.

My personal objection is to the fearful amount of gloomy black which is—may I say so?—displayed. When the minister arrives at the house of mourning, his heart brimful of that hopefulness which underlies all sighing and sorrowing, he is ushered into a chamber where the dear ones are sitting veiled in distressing crape, as though the grave never gave up its dead, and as though, beneath our professed belief in a better world, there were concealed a firm conviction that our religion is a mere profession, and that in the presence of death we have discovered, with bleeding hearts, that the end of all things has come. I am at times inclined to think that the real reason why these doleful weeds are worn is that the world only half believes in time of woe what it thinks it believes in time of joy. I have a suspicion that a bit of paganism is under it, and almost think that, if men were as sure of the other world as they are of this, they would make a change in this respect. I am very certain, at any rate, that there is no hour in all of our human experience when men and women seem so glad to hear a minister talk as though he knew that he knew something about to-morrow. The most affirmative expressions on this subject are the most welcome ones.

Swamp Hollow needs rain, and if we wait long enough we'll get it.

Neighbor Jones is still driving a brisk trade in the dog business.

Widow Scraggs' name has been wiped from the matrimonial slate, and Jack Briggs feels wretchedly bad.

I don't mind raising cantaloupes for myself and nearest neighbors but there is too confounded much scope contained



## Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG., CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor

Thursday, October 2, 1884.

It is reported that the potato crop in Canada, New York and New England, is about one-third less than last year. The falling off is chiefly due to the dry weather. There is also some damage reported by the rot and prices bid fair to rule higher than last year.

W. Q. GRESHAM has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury to succeed the late Judge Folger, by President Arthur. At the time of the appointment Gresham was Postmaster General. Gresham stands well as a government official. He is an honest, able, man.

AND there is a rumor abroad that Senator Don Cameron has Blaine's promise of support for re-election to the Senate. It looks a little as though the Independents, if they want to kick again, will have to kick themselves. And that won't be so pleasant, you know.

GEORGE ROSS, Esq., of Bucks county, has been nominated by the Democratic conferees for Congress in the Seventh Congressional district. He is a brother to the late Judge Henry P. Ross and is a man of superior intelligence, a gifted lawyer, a fluent and able speaker. He pledges himself, if elected, to represent all the people of the Seventh district without regard to party politics. The contest in the Seventh district promises to be interesting, after all. The best man before the people in this instance is George Ross—undoubtedly.

### DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic county Convention was held at the court house, Norristown Tuesday. John W. Bickel, Esq., was Chairman and S. B. Helfenstein and E. L. Hallman, Esq., Secretaries. 154 delegates were in attendance and every district in the county was represented. After the usual preliminary proceedings the Convention proceeded to ballot. Three ballots were necessary to complete the following ticket:

William H. Buck, Esq., Clerk; John K. Garber, Esq., Recorder; S. Jenkins, Laasdale; J. D. Durham, Esq., Recorder of Deeds; Charles T. Durham, Esq., Clerk of Courts; Colonel Edw. D. Schall, Esq., Recorder; J. W. Guldin, Esq., Recorder; Commissioners, Thomas McCully, Esq., Lower Merion; Martin Kulp, Esq., Upper Merion; Director of the Poor, Wm. Gilbert; Auditors, John Espenshiep, Esq., Norristown; Philip Super, Esq., Upper Merion; Surveyor, Daniel Kinsel, Esq., Upper Merion.

It will be observed that the last Representatives from this county, four of whom were candidates for re-nomination—Linderman, Davis, Harrar, Yerkes—were laid way on the shelf, and not in a very gentle manner. The extra session business is given by many as the cause for this action on the part of the delegates, and others say that the old Assemblymen were cheated by the "Hill" candidates. Take your choice. The new, fresh lot, is not an improvement on the old, mentally, physically, or morally. If the extra session business did it what are the democrats going to do with Senator Sutton? Eh? Probably they will lose the gag before the proper time comes! The new legislative ticket is not a very strong one. William H. Buck, of Marlborough is probably the strongest man of the five. Graber may be a chief among the moguls up at Pennsburg but what will he do with himself at Harrisburg?—if he gets there.

John McClean, the nominee for Prothonotary is somewhat stronger than his party and his chances for re-election are very fair.

Charles T. Durham, of Norristown, for Recorder, was a bad nomination—Charles is a shrewd politician—that's true enough, but there are a great many democrats throughout the county who have old scores to settle with him and it is likely they will take this opportunity to square up accounts. And then there is a serious question as to his fitness for the office.

We congratulate Col. Edward Schall upon his nomination for Clerk of the Courts. He has been a model public official and we put his re-election down as among the certainties of the future.

Jerry Guldin was again nominated for Register of Wills. He was defeated three years ago by the present incumbent. The second fight between Rambo and Guldin is going to be warmer than the first, with the chances in favor of the former.

Thomas McCully and Martin Kulp, the nominees for Commissioners are strong and weak. Mr. Kulp was a

standing candidate for the nomination for a number of years. We do not consider him a strong man before the people. He possesses no particular element of political strength. Burdian's chances are brighter now than they were, and if he will keep his hands steady and not expend too much atmosphere he will be elected.

The nominee for Director of the Poor, William Gilbert, is regarded as one of the best men in Pottsgrove township. He is at present a Justice of the Peace, and his qualifications for the office for which he has been named are said to be excellent in every respect.

### OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 29, 1884.

There has been from time immemorial more or less scandal upon every administration relative to the disposition of the contingent fund. The time was when this particular fund belonged to the Treasury Department alone, and by it divided up among the other departments and drawn upon as the emergency arose. Now, however, every department, and indeed every bureau in the departments, has its contingent fund and the uses to which it is put are as various as are the wants of those who have its manipulation. One would suppose that after the Government had purchased under contract everything under heaven that can be known or mentioned for the use of its officials, there would be little reason for the maintenance of a contingent fund, but the appalling array of contingencies that fall upon us year after year, was shown in the investigation of the disposition of this fund during the administration of Mr. Hayes. It was then demonstrated that hundreds of private houses in the city of Washington were furnished throughout by the agency of this fund. The rich paintings and elegant work of art that adorned the parlors of the esthetic official, the pianos and carpets and rich furniture that set society by the ear because of their elegance and costliness, owed their existence to the contingent fund. In short, the fund is made to cover the expenses and to do the duty for that which the Government receives not the slightest benefit from, but for which the recipient should make the disbursement from his own pocket. From a riding-whip to a marble front palace, are items embodied in that investigation, and what was true of Hayes' administration is not a whit less so of the present Republican regime.

The retirement of Commissioner Dudley from the Pension Office on the 10th of November, will be hailed with eminent satisfaction by all who believe that the affairs of the Pension Office can be more satisfactorily administered. Mr. Dudley's management has brought the office three years behind in its business, although he has had an army of clerks, and the expense of running his office for a single year has amounted to \$850,000. The fact that applications for pensions filed as long ago as 1882 are just beginning to be received in order, shows a want of system or discipline or both, which can be readily supplied by some one who has a better appreciation of his official duties. If the administration carries out its ideas of Civil Service Reform with sincerity, Major Clarke, the present Assistant Commissioner, with advanced ideas upon a proper pension system, would and should receive the appointment.

It may be of interest to proposed homesteaders and others who think that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," that there are less than 200,000,000 acres of the public lands susceptible of settlement. For the year ending June 30th last there were sold for cash down 6,316,847 acres, realizing \$10,302,582. The aggregate number of acres disposed of under all heads was 26,834,041, for which \$11,838,993 was received. Of the public domain thus taken during the fiscal year, much the greatest number of acres was in Dakota, which gave up 11,082,818 acres. Nebraska, Minnesota, Louisiana, California, Kansas, and Washington Territory are next in order of the number of homes furnished to actual settlers, but the particular meat in this particular nut is the fact that if the public lands are to be taken up in coming years to the extent that they were seized upon last year, the Government will be compelled to wipe out its homestead, preemption and all other laws relative to the disposition of its public lands before another decade shall have passed.

The necessity for a reorganization of the United States Supreme Court becomes more and more pressing with the advent of each recurring session. With nine judges almost constantly at work, the court is still so overrun with new cases that it has become an absolute impossibility to advance even a step upon the three years that the court has lagged behind its calendar. Sitting from October to May, these judges dispose of about three hundred cases, while the number of new cases that it will encounter at the opening of the session next month will be upwards of 400, thus throwing its work back still another year. Thrice has the Senate passed a bill looking to the relief of the court, by reducing the number of appeals and conferring increased jurisdiction upon inferior courts, but the House has each time failed to reach the bills, though the Speaker's table was loaded with petitions praying for action upon them. Under the present right of appeal, this, the highest tribunal in the land, has infinitely more of its time occupied with petty cases that involve neither principle or property, than with those involving grave constitutional questions. SPOC.

### Interesting Paragraphs.

Dr. Samuel F. Smith, author of the words of our national anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," last week celebrated his golden wedding at his residence at Newton Centre. The hymn appeared in 1832.

It is said that the estate of the late Bishop Simpson, amounting to nearly a hundred thousand dollars, was nearly all the result of profitable investments which the advice and opportunities given by warm friends enabled him to make.

Paris has 172,000 acres in parks, or one acre to every thirteen inhabitants; in Vienna the proportion is one acre to 100 persons; in Chicago, one to 200; in Philadelphia, one to 300; in Brooklyn, one to 639; in New York, one to 1363.

Mr. Thomas Stevens, the young man who has just ridden from San Francisco to New York on a bicycle, and expects to go around the world on the same vehicle, hopes to be in Constantinople by Christmas time, and will devote the whole year of 1885 to traveling across Asia.

There are thirty-nine professors in the University of Edinburgh. Of these the income of eighteen is \$5,000 or more a year each. The professor of anatomy receives \$16,000, the professor of Greek, \$6,500, while the heads of the Latin and mathematical departments respectively get \$7,500.

To the recent mysterious Ella Watson and Wainwright tragedies in New Jersey is now to be added that of young George Grant at Monmouth Junction. Jersey, like that other alleged land of steady habits, Connecticut, is fast becoming a region of murder sensations.

The late John W. Garrett President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was brought into close personal relations with President Lincoln during the war. Mr. Lincoln was once appealed to by a deputation of alleged Baltimore Republicans to take the road out of Mr. Garrett's hands for pseudo-political reasons. Mr. Lincoln's reply was brief and to the point: "When any or all of you," said he, "have done half as much to aid this Government as John W. Garrett I may consider your request."

France may be rich enough to pay for her glory, but she seems to find it very inconvenient to do so in cash down. The warlike enterprises in which she is engaged are simply ruining her finances, and the deficit promises to be as normal a condition of the Republic as it was in the days of the Bourbon monarchy. This year French authorities estimate the probable deficit at as much as eight millions sterling, and that without making any allowance for much outlay for the Chinese war.

The story is told by the Rev. Dr. Prime that in Albany, the subject of signing petitions being under remark, a man bet that he could get signatures of ten highly respected residents to a paper asking Gov. Dix to hang one of the leading clergymen. He won without difficulty, as not one of the signers insisted on reading the document.

An undivided estate was left to a widow and her children. The woman managed the property and devoted the income to the family maintenance; but on her death it is found that she has bequeathed it all to two religious institutions. The *Observer* thus states the case, and trusts that the natural heirs will not be compelled to go into court to nullify the will.

### Shining by Reflected Light.

From the New York Sun.

There are four ways of gaining distinction in these days—at least such distinction as comes from having your name printed in a good many newspapers.

First if you have always been a Republican, write a letter coming out for Cleveland. You will be apt to get a good notice in Democratic newspapers. Secondly, if you have always been a Democrat, write a letter coming out for Blaine. You will be apt to get a good notice in Republican newspapers.

Thirdly call on Blaine. Your name will be telegraphed from the spot where the Plumed Knight happens to be when you send in your call.

Fourthly call on Cleveland. Your name will be telegraphed from Albany. In these ways you will not only acquire fame, but inspire interest; for lots of people will wonder who the duce you are.

### Register's Notice.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, SEP. 16, 1884. All persons concerned, either as heirs, creditors or otherwise, are hereby notified that the accounts of the following named persons have been allowed and filed in my office, on the date each separately advised, and the same will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county, on MONDAY, the sixth day of OCTOBER, A. D. 1884, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for confirmation, at which time and place they may attend if they think proper.

MAY 6—*Conly*.—First and final account of D. Ogden Rogers, trustee, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Montgomery co., to sell the real estate of Isaac Conly, late of Gwynedd twp., dec'd.  
MAY 8—*Jones*.—First and final account of Joseph L. Jones, Joseph Leedom and Algernon S. Lukens, ex'ors of Martha L. Jones, late of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.  
MAY 8—*Beier*.—First and final account of Jacob Beier, guardian of Augusta Beier late of Pottsgrove township, dec'd.  
MAY 8—*Schneidart*.—First and final account of John A. Schneidart, guardian of David Schneidart late of Pottsgrove township, dec'd.  
MAY 10—*Carver*.—The account of Charles H. Schwartz, ex'or of Anna Carver, late of Upper Merion twp., dec'd.  
MAY 10—*Hiltebeitel*.—First and final account of Mark Hiltebeitel, Joseph H. Hiltebeitel and Jacob H. Hiltebeitel, ex'ors of Adam Hiltebeitel, late of New Hanover twp., dec'd.  
MAY 20—*Schall*.—First account of Reuben T. Schall ex'or of Caroline Schall, late of Norristown, dec'd.  
MAY 21—*Watson*.—First and final account of Jonas M. Harley, testamentary trustee by the will of Susan C. Watson, late of Gwynedd township, dec'd.  
MAY 27—*Nettles*.—First and final account of Joseph Nettles executor of Catharine Nettles, late of Limerick twp., dec'd.  
MAY 27—*Nettles*.—Second and final account of Joseph Nettles, Isaac Nettles and Frederick Isett, ex'rs of Joseph Nettles, late of Limerick twp., dec'd.  
MAY 28—*Wolf*.—Second and final statement of George Wolf, Edward Wolf and Henry Wolf ex'rs of John G. Wolf, late of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.  
MAY 29—*Alburger*.—First and final account of Charles Stark, executor of Rebecca Alburger, late of Lower Merion township, dec'd.  
MAY 29—*Knight*.—George Edward Knight, adm'r of the estate of John Knight, late of Horsham twp., dec'd.  
MAY 31—*Heebner*.—First and final account of

Henry L. Heebner, Joseph L. Heebner and Enoch M. Heebner, ex'rs of Joseph Heebner late of Norristown township, dec'd.  
JUNE 14—*Lechters*.—First and final account of B. E. Chain, administrator of Mary Ellen Ackerman, late of Lower Merion twp., dec'd.  
JUNE 16—*Reyner*.—First and final account of Theodora Reyner, executor of Ann Reyner, late of Abington township, dec'd.  
JUNE 16—*Bennan*.—First and final account of Joseph W. Bauman, administrator of Martin Bauman, late of Frederick twp., dec'd.  
JUNE 17—*Fackler*.—First and final account of David E. Roberts, administrator of Barbara Fackler, of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.  
JUNE 17—*Garber*.—First and final account of Geo. Z. Vanderslice, B. F. Garber and H. H. Fetteroff, executors of Charles Garber, of Limerick township, dec'd.  
JUNE 17—*Murphy*.—First and final account of William M. DeHaven, administrator of Maggie Murphy, of Norristown, dec'd.  
JUNE 17—*Watson*.—First account of Isaac Warner, Jr., guardian of Christian B. Watson, of Moreland township, dec'd.  
JUNE 17—*Marshall*.—First and final account of John C. Snyder, adm'r of the estate of Frances M. Marshall, of Norristown, dec'd.  
JUNE 17—*Hendricks*.—First and final account of Jesse Rudy, guardian of Caroline Hendricks (late Overholtzer), minor child of Aaron Overholtzer, dec'd, and a grandchild of Enos Overholtzer, late of Franconia township, dec'd.  
JUNE 18—*Creamer*.—Final account of Henry J. Hoffman, testamentary guardian of Joseph H. Creamer.  
JUNE 18—*Sutton*.—Income account of Henry J. Hoffman, executor and trustee under the will of James T. Sutton, dec'd, for the year ending May 31, 1884.  
JUNE 18—*Creamer*.—Final account of Henry J. Hoffman, testamentary guardian and trustee of James T. Creamer, under the will of James T. Sutton, dec'd.  
JUNE 18—*Creamer*.—Final account of Henry J. Hoffman, testamentary guardian and trustee of Chas. T. Creamer, under the will of James T. Sutton, dec'd.  
JUNE 18—*Woodward*.—Final account of David L. Wood, guardian of Dora Sidentopf, dec'd.  
JUNE 19—*Harley*.—First and final account of Jonas Harley and Henry A. Price, executors of Henry Harley, late of Lower Salford, twp., dec'd.  
JUNE 21—*Robbins*.—Second and final account of Algernon S. Jenkins, ex'r, of Jonathan Robbins, late of Gwynedd township, dec'd.  
JUNE 23—*Lyle*.—First and final account of George W. Keys, guardian of Charles Lyle, minor child of Alan Lyle, late of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.  
JUNE 26—*Slight*.—First and final account of Augustus Slight and Henry Slight, administrators of Susan Slight, late of Montgomery township, dec'd.  
JULY 1—*Carlin*.—Final account of John W. Bickel, guardian of James A. Carlin, minor child of John Carlin, late of Lower Merion township, dec'd.  
JULY 1—*Hunter*.—First and final account of Robert Sharp and Henry E. Newberry, ex'ors of David Hunter, late of Bristol twp., dec'd.  
JULY 9—*Newbold*.—First and final account of Bernard Fisher and Joseph Newbold, administrators of Katharine Newbold, late of Montgomery township, dec'd.  
JULY 15—*Lewis*.—First and final account of Chas. Lewis and Samuel Lewis, ex'ors of Elijah Lewis, Sr., late of Norristown, dec'd.  
JULY 15—*Detweiler*.—First and final account of Amos Detweiler and Abel Detweiler, ex'ors of George Detweiler, late of Perkiomen twp., dec'd.  
JULY 15—*Murphy*.—Final account of Ephraim Fritz, guardian of Edgar M. Murphy, minor child of John Murphy, dec'd.  
JULY 19—*White*.—Final account of Benjamin F. White, guardian of Frank White, son of Charles A. White, late of Lower Merion township, dec'd.  
JULY 21—*Fry*.—Final account of Reuben E. Fry, guardian of Charles Fry, minor child of Liza Fry, dec'd.  
JULY 22—*Leedom*.—First and final account of Benedict Leedom, adm'r of Sarah Ann Leedom, late of Lower Merion twp., dec'd.  
JULY 23—*Blank*.—First and final account of Abraham M. Bergez, ex'or of Catharine Blank, late of Malborough township, dec'd.  
JULY 24—*Widmuth*.—First and final account of the estate of Mary Ann Widmuth, dec'd, under the will of Abraham Smith, Sr., dec'd, as filed by the adm'r of Rufus B. Longaker, dec'd, who was trustee of said Mary Ann Widmuth.  
JULY 28—*Hoot*.—First and final account of Simon G. Hoot, adm'r of Matilda Hoot, late of Perkiomen township, dec'd.  
JULY 29—*Miller*.—First and final account of B. F. Dismant, guardian of Laura A. Miller, minor child of Emanuel Miller, late of Limerick township, dec'd.  
JULY 29—*Custer*.—Final account of Henry Lehman, guardian of Benjamin F. Custer.  
JULY 30—*Penrose*.—First and final account of Benjamin F. Penrose and David T. Ambler, ex'ors of Aaron Penrose, late of Upper Dublin township, dec'd.  
AUG. 4—*Poley*.—First and final account of Jacob Childs, guardian of Henry S. Poley, minor of F. B. Poley, late of Norristown dec'd.  
AUG. 6—*Dillman*.—First and partial account of Abraham S. Hallman, ex'r of John Dillman, late of Norristown township, dec'd.  
AUG. 7—*Hurst*.—First and final account of Annie M. Hurst and Charles Hunsicker, ex'rs of Charles Hurst, late of Norristown, dec'd.  
AUG. 7—*Place*.—Final account of Aaron Zollers, adm'r of Benjamin Place late of Upper Providence township, dec'd.  
AUG. 7—*Shetz*.—First and final account of Wm. J. Schetz, adm'r of c. t. a. of George W. Schetz, late of Upper Dublin twp., dec'd.  
AUG. 12—*Badman*.—First and final account of Henry Badman and M. M. Gibson, adm'rs of Marian Badman, late of Norristown, dec'd.  
AUG. 12—*Rogers*.—First and final account of Horace Rogers, adm'r of Horace Rogers, late of Limerick twp., dec'd.  
AUG. 12—*Koons*.—First account of Henry Loucks, ex'r of Susannah Koons, late of Limerick township, dec'd.  
AUG. 13—*Chadwick*.—Account of Walter W. Hood, adm'r of Thomas J. Chadwick, late of Parkville, state of Connecticut, dec'd.  
AUG. 14—*Barndt*.—First and final account of Solomon K. Barndt, guardian of Ida Barndt, minor child of Andrew K. Barndt, dec'd.  
AUG. 15—*Essey*.—First and final account of Jacob Keeley, adm'r of Hannah Essey, late of Upper Providence township, dec'd.  
AUG. 15—*Shaner*.—First and final account of Jos. K. Shaner, adm'r of Aaron Shaner, late of Frederick township, dec'd.  
AUG. 16—*Johnson*.—The first and final account of H. W. Kratz and Henry J. Johnson, ex'rs of David Johnson, late of Upper Providence township, dec'd.  
AUG. 9—*Chadwick*.—The final account of Robert Chadwick and Evan G. Jones, adm'rs of John A. Chadwick, late of Lower Merion township, dec'd.  
AUG. 19—*Martin*.—Final account of Jacob Bachman, adm'r of Mary Ann Martin, late of Hatfield township, dec'd.  
AUG. 20—*Jenkins*.—First and final account of Geo. W. Jenkins, adm'r of Benjamin Jenkins, late of the borough of Bridgeport, dec'd.  
AUG. 20—*Barndt*.—First and final account of John A. Barndt, guardian of Emma Barndt, minor child of Allan S. Barndt, minor child of Zeno Barndt, dec'd.  
AUG. 25—*Christman*.—The final account of M. B. Misher, adm'r of the estate of Christian Misher, late of Pottsgrove township, dec'd.  
AUG. 25—*Christman*.—The account of M. B. Misher, adm'r of the estate of Jacob F. Christman, late of Pottsgrove township, dec'd.  
AUG. 25—*Willard*.—The account of Jos. Barnley, adm'r of Britton Willard, late of Lower Providence township, dec'd.  
AUG. 26—*Fryer*.—First and final account of Noah D. Frank and Daniel Moser, ex'rs of Joseph Fryer, late of New Hanover twp., dec'd.  
AUG. 27—*Kirkhoff*.—First and final account of adm'r of Rachel Kirkhoff, late of Pottsgrove township, dec'd.  
AUG. 27—*Pierston*.—First and final account of Mary Jane Pierston and Wm. H. Pierston, adm'rs of Aaron D. Pierston, late of Moreland township, dec'd.  
AUG. 27—*Plush*.—Account of Edward T. Plush and Harry T. Plush, ex'ors of Christian M. Plush, late of Lower Providence twp., dec'd.  
AUG. 27—*Crummewells*.—First and final account of Joseph Fisher, executor at David Crummewells, late of Norristown, dec'd.  
AUG. 28—*Goho*.—Final account of Isaac H. Bechtel, guardian of Emma C. Goho, late Ehl.  
JULY 30—*Brooke*.—First and final account of John J. Brooke and Elizabeth Brooke, ad'rs of William Brooke, late of Lower Pottsgrove, dec'd.  
AUG. 30—*Lehart*.—The account of B. Morris Lehart, adm'r of George Lehart, late of Upper Dublin township, dec'd.  
AUG. 30—*Detweiler*.—First and final account of John H. Detweiler, adm'r of Abraham Detweiler, late of Pottstown, dec'd.  
AUG. 30—*Cresson*.—The second and final account of E. Cresson, ex'or of Elizabeth T. Cresson, late of Lower Merion twp., dec'd.  
AUG. 30—*Brown*.—First and final account of Ella

Plank, adm'trix of Henry Bowen, late of Norristown, dec'd.  
SEPT. 1—*Fegley*.—First and final account of Garett A. Fegley, ex'r of Charles Fegley, late of Perkiomen township, dec'd.  
SEPT. 5—*Hewner*.—The first and final account of Wm. W. Hewner and Henry J. Hewner, adm'rs of the estate of Henry J. Hewner, late of Upper Hanover township, dec'd.  
SEPT. 6—*Gibney*.—First and final account of Francis Darrar, ex'r of Mary Gibney, late of Conshohocken, dec'd.  
SEPT. 6—*Shoenaker*.—Second and final account of Henry H. Shillingford, surviving executor of Edward M. Shoenaker, late of Abington township, dec'd, filed in obedience to a certain order or decree of the Orphans' Court of said county of Montgomery, discharging the said accountant from his said office upon the filing of this account, etc.  
SEPT. 6—*Nyce*.—Minor—Final account of Harper Nyce, Sr., guardian of Elizabeth L. Nyce, minor child of Jesse L. Nyce, late of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.  
SEPT. 6—*Rez*.—First account of Amanda E. Rex, John M. Rex and George Rex, adm'rs of Joseph Rez, late of Upper Dublin township, dec'd.  
SEPT. 6—*Sellers*.—First and final account of Jacob R. Yost, adm'r of d. b. n. c. t. a. of Joel Sellers, late of Whitpain township, dec'd.  
SEPT. 6—*Sellers*.—First and final account of Jacob R. Yost, ex'r of Elizabeth S. Sellers, late of the borough of North Wales, dec'd.  
J. ROBERTS RAMBO, Register.

### HAVE YOU SEEN

The new style Parasols, just out this season? Leopold's have them, and you make a mistake if you buy without examining them. French Armures in the latest shades are among the new dress goods just opened at Leopold's. Albatross in a nice line of new shades at Leopold's. Prices very low for the quality. New line of all wool Bunting's have come in at Leopold's.

The largest variety of Silks in Blacks, solid colors, and fancy Summer Silks to be found in Pottstown, is at Leopold's. If you want a Black Silk which will not cut Leopold's is the place to go for it. Wraps of every description can be advantageously procured at Leopold's. Rhatzamer and Ottoman Silks for suits and wraps in large variety at Leopold's. Cloths for Ladies' Coats in many different styles and qualities among the new ones just opened at Leopold's.

Jerseys at lower prices and in larger variety of styles than ever before, can now be found at Leopold's. Plaided Jerseys, Shaded Jerseys and Braided Jerseys among the new stock at Leopold's. Victoria Lawns, India Linens, Dotted Swiss, and other white dress goods in large variety at Leopold's. Embroideries and Laces in choice styles at Leopold's.

Chambrays, Seersuckers, Gingham, Satens, Linen lawns, all new, at Leopold's. Muslin Underwear for ladies, made from muslin manufactured by the Fruit of the Loom Mills and made in the best possible manner, is being sold at Leopold's at exceedingly low prices, in order to build up a trade in this line. It cannot pay any lady to make her own underwear as well as to buy this make of goods made up, as the prices are very little more than the cost of the materials unmade.

Summer gloves of every desirable kind are opened at Leopold's. Spring Hosiery in fine as well as low priced goods, in many different grades, from 5 cents to \$1, at Leopold's. Go to Leopold's for first-class dressmaking. Do you want the best Sewing Machine in the market? Go to Leopold's.

HOWARD LEOPOLD,

POTTSTOWN, PA.

FOR SALE! A BARGAIN!  
LOT OF CIDER BARRELS,  
500 CHESTNUT RAILS.

F. W. WETHERILL,  
—ARCOLA MILLS—  
Collegeville, P. O., Pa.

SOMETHING  
NEW! NEW!

—AT—  
Fenton Bros.,  
Collegeville, P. O., Pa.

An elegant, fine Silver-plated Spoon given away with a mammoth 3 lb. bar of "IDEAL" White Soap, price, only 25 cents. SPECIAL

DRIVE IN MUSLINS. New York Mills, 12c, formerly 14c. Wamsutta 12c., formerly 14c. Williamsville, 12c, formerly 14c. Fruit

of Loom, 10 c., formerly 12 c. Lousdale, 10c., formerly 12. Hill, 10, formerly 12. These are best makes, others reduced in same proportion.

We have a bargain in fine linen shirt fronts. Remnants of 5 to 10 yds of very best calicoes, only 6 c. per yard.

Job lot of writing paper, invitation cards and envelopes in boxes from 10 c. to 20 c. per box. Men's blue flannel shirts from 55c. to \$1.50. A beautiful decorated cup and saucer given away with a pound of best green and black tea mixed at 60 c. Kettle coffee 30 c. Java coffee 30c. Fresh Akron oat meal 5 c. lb. Very best syrup 75 c. gal. New crop New Orleans molasses 75 c. gal. Two large sacks of fine table salt 9 c. Large sack Liverpool ground salt only \$1.00. Cautie soda in 5 pounds cans @ 8 c. Choice brands of corn, peas and tomatoes @ 10, 11 and 12 c. Finest evaporated peaches 20 c. lb. Full cream New York cheese 17 c. lb. New York pickles 10 c. dozen.

We make a specialty of all kinds of oils. Safford safety oil 18 c. gal. Heavy Light oil \$1.50 test, white only 14 c. gal. Large stock

of ladies and children's fine shoes, also men's boots and shoes at exceedingly low prices. Every pair warranted. Large selected stock of queens and glassware 6 in. plates English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

English stoneware only 70 c. doz.

### A FEW FACTS:

Lowest Prices for all goods is still the strictly observed motto at G. F. Hunsicker's Store.

Complete Stock of Store Goods; which means a well selected assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Cloths and Casimeres, hats, boots and shoes, and an almost endless variety of other goods. Clothing Made to Order in the latest styles from any quality of goods desired, might not be included in the simple term "Store Goods," yet we do not propose to get lost on this score, no matter how you may choose. A Fit Guaranteed.

There is no need of a long description, nor of much boasting. A large stock from which to select anything you may want, at bed-rock prices, tells the whole story in a plain, simple way. In Notions and Novelties for men and women, boys and girls, the assortment we really think, is hard to beat. An inspection of goods, from basement to third story, is cordially solicited, whether purchases are made or not. "A penny saved is a penny earned." If you can save money by purchasing your goods at Rahm Station, why not do it? Come and satisfy yourself in reference to this point. Nothing like satisfaction, after all. If you are satisfied and we are satisfied then there is satisfaction all around. G. F. HUNSICKER, Rahm Station, Pa.

Ironbridge P. O.

### GO TO THE

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE,

For Pure Drugs and Spices!

Culbert's Ague Pills will Cure your Malaria.

Culbert's Liver Pills will Cure your Billiousness, and Constipation.

CULBERT'S DIARRHOEA MIXTURE will cure your Diarrhoea and Dysentery. Patent Medicines of all kinds always on hand.

JOSEPH W. CULBERT, Druggist.

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS,

(Successor to E. C. KEELOR.)

PROVIDENCE SQUARE, LOWER PROVIDENCE

SPECIAL NOTICE—I recently bought an original package of the Best Iron Stone, China Ware. As to quality there is none superior, coming as it does from England. Also a full line of C. C. Ware, and Domestic Queensware, all of which will be sold at rock bottom prices. The usual cry of reduction has taken effect at my place



Pursuant to an order of the Orphan Court of Montgomery county, will be sold at Public Sale on **TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1884**, on the premises, all that messuage and tract of land, together with the buildings and appurtenances, situate in the township of Montgomery county, la., the estate of Ann Kohl, dec'd, and containing 2 Acres and 130 Perches of land, more or less. The improvements are a 2 1/2 story frame Dwelling House, 22x27 feet, containing 4 rooms on the first floor, 4 rooms on the second floor, 3 rooms on the third floor, and a 12x16 feet stable, each back. Frame Stable, 16x14 feet, containing 3 cows, hen house, pig sty, and all other necessary outbuildings, a well of water near the door, young apple orchard, and other fruit trees on the premises. The property is in high state of cultivation and is situated in a beautiful and healthy neighborhood, convenient to schools, stores, churches, and within 1 mile of Mingo Station on Phila. & Reading railroad, bounded by Montgomery county on the east and south. This is a very desirable property for such in want of a home like the above. Any one wishing to view the premises before the day of sale, will be shown by George W. Rambo, residing there, on the 13th inst. of October. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m., when conditions will be made known by **WILLIAM W. KOHL, S. R. Shupe, auct.** Administrators.

ARCOLA MILLS.



J. W. ROYER, M. D.,  
Practising Physician,  
TRAPPE, PA.  
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,  
Practising Physician,  
EVANSBURG, PA.  
Office Hours:—8 to 10, a. m. 2 to 4, p. m. 7 to 9 p. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.  
Office Hours: { TH 9 a. m. 12 to 2 p. m.  
After 6 p. m.  
Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear. Free clinic every Thursday morning from 8 to 12 for eye and ear diseases.

DR. B. F. PLACE,  
**DENTIST!!**  
36 E. Airy Street, (opposite Veranda House)  
NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.

F. G. HOBSON,  
**Attorney-at-Law,**  
Cor. MAIN and SWEDE Streets, Norristown, Pa.  
Can be seen every evening at his residence in Freeland.

A. D. FETTEROLF,  
Justice of the Peace  
CONVEYANCER and General Business agent.  
Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.  
COLLEGEVILLE Pa.  
Regular office days:—Monday and Thursday of each week; also every evening.

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY.  
(1/2 mile north of Trappe.)  
**Surveyor and Conveyancer**  
Sales clerk; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.  
Nov8-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

C. H. DETWILER.  
**Surveyor and Conveyancer**  
Also LEVELING and GRADING.  
IRON BRIDGE, P. O.  
Rahn Station, Montg. County, Pa. Sep131yr.

J. P. KOONS,  
**Practical Slater!!**  
RAHN'S STATION Pa.  
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

H. H. ELLIS  
**Carpenter and Millwright,**  
GRATZ'S FORD, PA.  
Estimates made for work and contracts taken. All work promptly done in a satisfactory manner. 450-476

EDWARD DAVID,  
**PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,**  
COLLEGEVILLE PA.  
Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

M. H. KEELER,  
**Painter, Grainer, and Paper-Hanger.**  
TRAPPE PA.  
Orders entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Contracts made at reasonable figures. All work done in a satisfactory manner.

JOHN MILLER,  
**TAILOR.**  
TRAPPE, PA.  
Suits cut and made to order in accordance with latest styles, or in any style that may be desired. Fits guaranteed. Good work. Reasonable prices.

SAMUEL P. SHANTZ.  
**Carpenter and Builder.**  
RAHN STATION, PA.  
Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

SUNDAY PAPERS.  
The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

HENRY YOST,  
Collegeville.

W. H. RINGLER,  
**Practical Horse Shoer,**  
One mile east of TRAPPE, Pa. All kinds of blacksmith work done in a satisfactory manner.

M. N. BARNDT,  
Rahn Station, Ironbridge P. O. Pa.,  
Is prepared to sharpen Mill Picks and facing hammers, and all kinds of edge tools. Always on hand new mill picks and facing hammers. Mowing machines and Sewing machines repaired. Lowest cash prices. 461-487.

COAL!  
I am prepared to sell at my Fertilizing Works, near Limerick Station, First-class Coal from 25 to 50 cents less per ton gross weight, than it can be bought elsewhere, and I am prepared to deliver the same, if required.  
JACOB TRINLEY.

PIANOS  
Tuned. Pianos, organs, and all other musical instruments repaired in a satisfactory manner. Also Teacher of music.  
FREDERICK LETTSCH,  
Grater's Ford, Pa.

PATENTS. ANDERSON & SMITH,  
Solicitors of U. S. and Foreign Patents, No. 700 Seventh Street, cor. G., opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. Correspondence solicited. No charge for advice. No fee charged unless Patent is allowed. References, Lewis Johnson & Co., Bankers, and Postmaster, Washington, D. C. Pamphlet of Instructions free.

## Agriculture and Science.

### MISTAKES.

Farmers are inclined to withhold from the public any failures that mistakes have caused in their operations on the farm, and to report only such as have proved successful. While this is better than no report, it is not as well as if both success and failure were given, for then it would give every one a chance to avoid many mistakes which they would be likely to fall into, if only the most favorable reports were made. If the mariner's chart described only the deep channels of the ocean it would be but little use to the sailor in guiding his ship into a harbor, but containing as it does all of the rocks and shoals, he is able to avoid them and bring the ship safely to the desired harbor. So the farmer, if he could become conversant with the numerous mistakes made by his fellow farmers, would in most cases be able to avoid them. It is true it requires some courage to give to the public our errors, while all others give only their success; it has a tendency to misrepresent our wisdom, but if it could become a common custom for farmers to speak frankly of their mistakes, it would not have a tendency to an unjust judgment of our abilities.

It is too often the case when a farmer is satisfied he has made a mistake in producing any crop, that he very quietly abandons it, or changes his methods, and says nothing about it. He shrinks from the idea of informing the public that he has been wrong; even if he is satisfied by so doing he can prevent many others from making the same mistake.

One of the first and most expensive mistakes which is made by the farmer is the selection of a farm. It is too often the case that he buys a farm that has a soil altogether unsuited to the line of farming he desires to engage in; he is led into this mistake perhaps by some trifling circumstances, which he could easily have avoided if similar mistakes of others had been laid before him; but after having fallen into it he is slow to make it public, and so goes through life with this first great mistake dragging him down like a millstone hanging to his neck. Another mistake, though not as serious, is often made by planting a crop on low land that will grow best on high land, or a crop on high land that will only grow well on low land. Mistakes are also often made in the selection of breeds of cattle that are not adapted to the soil on the farm which they are to be kept. A very common mistake is made by trying to grow crops that are not adapted to the locality, and sometimes a mistake is made by going to the other extreme. A whole community of farmers will rush into one thing because the land is adapted to its growth, forgetting that nature favors variety, and that beyond a certain point she will not permit the healthful production of either animals or vegetables, but that massing together of one species of animals or plants is but the invitation for the introduction of disease and of destructive enemies. A very serious mistake is made by some farmers by entertaining the idea that their ways are the best, and are not susceptible of improvement. Such farmers shut out all chance for progress; he who does not keep himself in a position to learn in what direction progress is being made, is making a mistake.

While these are some of the principal mistakes which farmers are continually falling into, there are a host of others which he is liable to make; prominent among them may be considered that of supposing that it is easier to cultivate crops only in the first part of the season, letting the weeds grow the last part to fill the land with weed seeds. This mistake costs the farmers of New England and elsewhere many hundreds of thousands of dollars every year, by loss of crops and by additional labor above what clean culture would require. Another expensive mistake is that of hilling hoed crops, like corn and potatoes; this process alone reduces the value of the crops millions of dollars every year, yet the mistake continues to be repeated. Many make the mistake of planting small seeds too deep, and then accuse the seedsmen of selling poor seed. There are many garden seeds that it is a mistake to buy, because if grown by the farmer he can improve them in the direction to suit his particular taste.

Very serious mistakes are often made by those who grow produce for the market, by neglecting to reject inferior specimens, and in packing to place the best on top; this is soon discovered by the purchaser to the great injury of the farmer. Few things pay better than to spend sufficient time in the preparation of an article for the market to make it look neat, and also to pick out the second quality to send in a different package from the first quality. Whatever the farmer may do to weaken the

confidence of the purchaser in him is a mistake. When selling by sample it is a mistake to show the best specimens; better show what is below an average than what is above. A reputation for truthful representation once established is of great value to any one who has products to put on the market. Such men never find any trouble to sell what they desire to at a fair market price.

Life is so full of mistakes we ought to give them more attention; in fact, make ourselves more familiar with them, not by practice, but by forethought, by investigation, and thus be better prepared to avoid them. We too often treat mistakes as things that are to be kept out of mind, that are not to be investigated or remembered. This is well except so far as may be necessary to enable us to avoid similar mistakes in the future. It is for this purpose that we should carefully review our own mistakes, as well as those of others, for when we once fully understand them, we shall be in a condition to avoid them. It is only by a careful and thorough examination that in many cases we can decide what are mistakes and what are not.

Many farmers make serious mistakes by persuading themselves that some new departure is a success, when in reality it is a failure. This class of mistakes are made more serious by the fact that there is but little hope of rectifying them.—Massachusetts Plowman.

### FEEDING CATTLE.

A good guide for a safe quantity of grain per day to maturing cattle is one pound to each hundred of their weight; thus, an animal weighing one thousand pounds may receive ten pounds of grain. In using roots, is one guide to give just so much, in association with other things so that the animal may not take any water. Never check the fattening process, for as soon as an animal begins to fret for food it immediately begins to lose flesh. Deficiency of food is not less injurious to the animal health than an excess of it. If continued many days it leads to wasting of the body, weakness of the muscles, great depression and fever. Animals insufficiently nourished prove susceptible of contagious disorders, which they quickly contract when exposed to infection. Moreover, they become more readily the victims of parasitic affections. Lice and the peculiar minute plant or fungus to which ring-worm is due are both found to flourish and propagate vigorously under the influence of poverty and dirt.

### STORING APPLES.

The cellar for apples should be a cool, dry one well ventilated. The temperature should be uniform and as near the freezing point as may be without actual frost. Dampness will destroy the fine enameled surface of the apple, and thus hasten decay. They should be packed in barrels, each variety being kept separate, and not disturbed except as used or when inspected which should be done occasionally during the winter, and then carefully handled, just enough to determine their condition. Undoubtedly the better way is to place the apples on shelves, where this is practicable, when a tendency to decay can easily be detected and those affected removed without disturbing the others.

## North Wales Academy

### SCHOOL OF BUSINESS.

THE FIRST TERM OF THE FIFTEENTH YEAR WILL OPEN

Monday, September 8, 1884.

Thorough Preparation for College, Business, or Teaching. Teachers of experience, and all of whom are graduates. Moderate terms. Send for our new catalogue.

S. U. BRUNER, Principal.

We Are Never Undersold!

Remember that you will find the

STYLES CORRECT,

LARGEST ASSORTMENT,

THE LOWEST PRICES,

—AT—

R. M. ROOT'S HAT, CAP, And Mens' Furnishing

--- Store ---

215 HIGH STREET, Pottstown, Pa.

Campaign Outfits furnished to Political Clubs at less than Philadelphia prices.

J. H. KROUT,

Cigar Manufacturer,

—TRAPPE, PA.—

A LARGE AND WELL SEASONED STOCK OF

--- CIGARS ---

Always on hand. All the leading brands made to order. Your patronage solicited.

## COLLEGEVILLE

### MILLS

At the Collegeville  
Grist and Merchant

--- Mill ---

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND

—A FULL LINE OF—

Family Flour,

Superfine Flour,

Graham and Rye Flour.

Also, CORN and OATS, WHEAT BRAN, RYE BRAN, Wheat Middlings, Corn Chop, Mixed Chop. Always a good supply on hand. I thank the public for past favors and solicit future patronage.

S. T. S. Wagner.

--- FRESH ---

STOCK --- OF ---

GROCERIES!

MUSLINS,

CALICOES,

NOTIONS.

--- WOOD AND WILLOW WARE ---

NAILS, FORKS, RAKES, SHOVELS, HOES.

--- COMPLETE STOCK OF ---

--- BOOTS and SHOES ---

At bottom prices. I am thankful to the public for past favors and hope to merit continued patronage.

F. B. RUSHONG,

Trappe, Pa.

ENTERPRISE

MARBLE WORKS!

Royersford, Montgomery Co. Pa.

would announce to my friends and the public, that I am now prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, at reasonable prices.

MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES,

Of Italian or American Marble or Granite, in the finest and latest designs.

GALVANIZED RAILINGS,

For Enclosing Burial Lots, of different descriptions. Particular attention paid to Marble Work, for the bases of

BUILDINGS, STEPS, SILLS, ETC., ETC.

All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished desired on Monuments or Tombstones. Work can be seen at the yard, or the different Cemeteries in the neighborhood, that has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see me, and get prices. My expenses are low; therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings."

RESPECTFULLY,

D. Theo. Buckwalter.

June 8-ly.

MRS. L. H. INGRAM,

--- Fashionable Dressmaker, ---

Collegeville, Pa.

Having had an experience of 15 years at the business I feel confident that I can give entire satisfaction to those who will favor me with their orders. Cutting and fitting done according to the latest improved and best system. I am thankful for past favors and hope to merit continued patronage.

PROVIDENCE

INDEPENDENT

One of the best Local, Family and General newspapers published. Now is the time to subscribe.

COLLEGEVILLE

BAKERY!

J. H. RICHARD, Prop'r.

Fresh Bread, Rolls &c.,

EVERY MORNING.

ICE CREAM!

Different flavors, during the Season now opened. Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

COLLEGEVILLE

BAKERY!

J. H. RICHARD, Prop'r.

Fresh Bread, Rolls &c.,

EVERY MORNING.

ICE CREAM!

Different flavors, during the Season now opened. Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

COLLEGEVILLE

BAKERY!

J. H. RICHARD, Prop'r.

Fresh Bread, Rolls &c.,

EVERY MORNING.

ICE CREAM!

Different flavors, during the Season now opened. Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

COLLEGEVILLE

BAKERY!

J. H. RICHARD, Prop'r.

Fresh Bread, Rolls &c.,

EVERY MORNING.

ICE CREAM!

Different flavors, during the Season now opened. Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

## CARPET SPECIALTY.

THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF RICHEST COLORINGS WE EVER OFFERED.  
Ingrain, Carpet, 25, 31, 35, 40, 50c. | Body Moquet, \$1.50, \$1.75  
Extra Ingrain, 35, 40, 50c. to \$1.00 | Hall and Stair to match, 25, 40, 50, 75c. \$1.00  
Tapestry Brussels, 75, 80, 85, 90c., \$1.00, \$1.00 | Schuykill co., Frison Rag Carpet, 45, 50, 60, 75c

HEMP CARPET, MATTING and OIL CLOTHS  
—IN GREAT VARIETY—

SHADES & SHADING, Newest Colors and Designs.

DRESS GOODS: Black Silk, guaranteed not to cut. Solid Colored Silk—Garnet, Green, Bronze, Blue, Brown, Plum, &c. Cloth-finish Black Cashmeres, Colored Wool Beges, Albatross, Nuns' Velling, Broches—a general variety of New Dress Goods at prices to suit the times. Laces, Collars, Ties, Lawns, Chintzes, in fact a live stock. Call and see. The poorest attention to all, at the

OLD STONE STORE!

A. A. YEAKLE, Cor. Main and Dekalb Sts., Norristown, Pa.,

—LARGEST STOCK OF—

—SPRING AND

SUMMER CLOTHING.

—AT THE STORE OF—

HERMAN WETZEL,

66 & 68 Main Street [opposite Music Hall] NORRISTOWN, PA.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING IN GREAT VARIETY.

BEEF,

VEAL,

MUTTON.

I am still at the business. I thank the public for patronage bestowed, and hope to merit a continuance of the same. Will visit Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity; as heretofore, on

TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY

Morning of each week, with the best Beef, Veal, and Mutton. Highest cash prices paid for Calves.

WM. J. THOMPSON,

EVANSBURG, LOWER PROVIDENCE, P. O.

THE POPULAR

DINING ROOMS,

Under Acker's Building, Swede Street, near Main, Norristown.

HARRY B. LONG, Proprietor.

Is the place to go to get anything you may desire in the eating line, prepared in the best style, at moderate cost. Fresh Oysters, the largest and best in town, done up in every style. Remember the place and favor it with your patronage when in town.

JOSEPH STONE,

CARPET WEAVER,

PERKIMEN BRIDGE.

Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

Yerkes Station Mills.

Patent Process Straight,

and Fancy Family Flour,

Manufactured from the best wheat by the most Improved Facilities.

Quality Guaranteed. Lowest Market Prices.

Always on hand a full Stock of

CORN,

OATS,

BRAN,

MIDDINGS,

RYE BRAN,

LINSEED MEAL, &c.

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Good, clear Wheat received at all times.

J. H. LANDES.

Harness Emporium,

Upper Providence Square Pa.,

JOHN G. DETWILER Proprietor.

[Successor to Jos. G. Gotwals]

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he is prepared to fill all orders for Harness at short notice and at reasonable prices. GOOD MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP. A full stock of

BLANKETS,

TOP-COVERS,

IMPROVED COLLARS,

WHIPS, &c., &c.

All kinds of Harness Oil, and a supply of all kinds of goods pertaining to the business. Repairing done in the best manner. Satisfaction guaranteed to all.

In addition to the above, a full stock of Lubricating and Machine Oils, Coal and Headlight Oil. Also cigars and Tobacco.

John G. Detwiler.

COLLEGEVILLE

CARRIAGE WORKS!

Special Bargains in Jump-Seat, Brewster Side-Bar and Limken Side-Bar

Now on hand. Best material, best workmanship, lowest prices.

W. H. BLANCHFORD,

Collegeville, Pa.

COLLEGEVILLE

CARRIAGES!

Special Bargains in Jump-Seat, Brewster Side-Bar and Limken Side-Bar

Now on hand. Best material, best workmanship, lowest prices.

W. H. BLANCHFORD,

Collegeville, Pa.

COLLEGEVILLE

CARRIAGES!

Special Bargains in Jump-Seat, Brewster Side-Bar and Limken Side-Bar

Now on hand. Best material, best workmanship, lowest prices.

W. H. BLANCHFORD,

Collegeville, Pa.

## IF YOU WANT THE BEST AND CHEAPEST MACHINES GO TO

### HEEBNER & SONS,

LANSDALE, Montg. Co., Penna.

The Oldest Agricultural Works in Penna.

Heebner's Patent Level Tread

Horse Powers!

Are much the easiest for the horses, and have the only safe and reliable Speed Regulator ever applied to horse powers.

HEEBNER'S LITTLE GIANT THRESHING AND CLEANING MACHINE,

AND THRESHERS AND SHAKERS.

Also all the best Mowers, Reapers, Hay Rakes, &c.

All kinds of Iron and Brass Castings made to order.

Repairing done by competent workmen and at lowest prices.

Steam Engines, Boilers, and outfits for Mills, Factories, Creameries, &c. Send for Circulars.

HEEBNER & SONS,

LANSDALE, PA.

Gristock & Vanderslice,

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

DEALERS IN

White and Yellow Pine, and Hemlock

LUMBER,

Various grades, dressed and undressed.

SHINGLES, split and sawed.